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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The virtue of a coward is suspicion.—*Herbert.*

Revenge is the only debt which it is wrong to pay.

It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

Never sit down to nurse a grief, but in life's duties seek relief.

To forgive the fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless to one's self.—*Southern Star.*

Resolvé to see the world on the sunny side and you have almost won the battle of life at the outset.

Around the man who sees a noble end, No angels, but divinities attend.—*Emerson.*

'Tis an ill thing to be ashamed of one's poverty, but much worse not to make use of lawful endeavors to avoid it.

In order to measure the mind we measure the skull. This is like eating the skin of the grape to find the bouquet of the wine.

To will what God doth will, That is the only science That gives us rest.—*Longfellow.*

As there are no laws extant against ingratitude, so it is utterly impossible to contrive any that in all circumstances shall reach it.—*Seneca.*

The man who can not laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratacem.—*Carlyle.*

Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word,
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.—*Emerson.*

Habits of industry, attention, regularity, order, obedience should be formed long before the child can understand their import or know why they should be practiced.

If I were a rose
On the garden wall,
I'd look so fair,
And grow so tall;
I'd scatter perfume far and wide,
O! all the flowers I'd be the pride.
That's what I'd do
If I were you—
O little Rose!

Fair little maid,
If I were you,
I should always try
To be good and true.
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child,
On whom the sunshine ever smiled.
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
Dear little maid!

It takes so little to make a child happy that it is a pity, in a world full of sunshine and pleasant things, that there should be any wistful faces, empty hands and lonely young hearts.—*The Churchman.*

It is poor encouragement, said Burke, to toll through life to amass a fortune to ruin your children. In nine cases out of ten a large fortune is the greatest curse which could be bequeathed to the young and inexperienced.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Science of Spirit Return.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

There is neither chance nor miracle. Science does glorious work when she strikes the shackles from one who has been a slave to the unknown. Her demonstrations of law and order mark this as the age of truth. When Kepler discovered that sun, moon, and stars were run by law instead of by angels, he prepared the way for Newton to teach us that gravitation is a universal force. The scientists of to-day have been "Kelpers," finding law in leaf, pebble, and life. They read the past, and illumine the present with their discoveries; but modern Spiritualism is the "Newton" proving that the laws which govern the seen, are as potent in the world of the invisible. By science we discover the laws governing man's interchange of thought in earth life; but it is through spirit return we learn that precisely the same laws permit immortal man to reach the brain of his mortal brother. Science is the orderly arrangement of facts. That we may learn this lesson—let us begin the study.

All matter is divisible; and if you keep on dividing there would come a point at which even thought could no longer cut it in two. There the thinker rests and calls that an atom. Nature's inmost secret seems to consist in the perpetual movement of these atoms. They do not touch and they are never at rest; in other words they perpetually vibrate; and man communicates with man only by these vibrations. The changes in matter, from visible to invisible, are only a question of vibration. Place a block of ice weighing ten pounds in a kettle upon your stove. As the fire sparkles and glows it gives out force, for heat is only mode of motion; so that force presently changes the movement of the atoms in the kettle, and you now call them water. Open your damper; throw on a little more coal, and that water becomes steam; every atom is dancing to a livelier tune; it needs more room. You say it has expanded, but there is no more and no less matter than when it was ice. A little more heat force, and the steam becomes gas, and at last so rarified that you have neither sense nor scale that can tell you of its existence. In other words you have watched the process by which the visible becomes invisible; the mortal, immortal; and you discover Nature makes it a question of vibration of atoms.

Intelligence manifests through matter, and is therefore subject to the laws governing matter. Her brightest and most direct action is through the brain. As the brain grows the animal climbs step by step to a height at which manhood becomes possible; but the brain is matter, and therefore in vibration. We here make another scientific discovery. The action of intelligence upon matter we call "thought power"; and we find "thought" scoring the brain with deep furrows; writing itself over that wondrous grey matter. The man who never thinks, who lets the preacher mould his theology,—votes the regular party ticket without question;—and always does just what his wife orders; may be a very respectable citizen, but his brain is marked by little save animal instincts and hereditary movements. The man who like Darwin, demands of life a cause and a reason; who like Spencer and Kepler, and Newton, can think the thoughts of Nature over again;—the man who thinks for himself on every question, someday leaves a brain that would tell the tale of his manhood to every skilled physiologist; yet at every step the thinker has been dependent upon the vibrations of matter for any manifestation of his intelligence.

By vibrations we sense color. Its shades and blendings only mean differing rates of quick movement. And when the atoms move sleepily through the ether, our ears catch the movement and we call it sound. The matter; poudrous and chilly when ice, may be warm when it is water; moist and less dense as steam; but as gas or ether, we can neither see, hear, taste, smell, nor feel it. So everything that is to reach us through a sense must vibrate. The soft tone of love, the harsh shout of anger, the wail of the infant, and the moan of the dying, travel through the air as vibrations; when they strike our ear they tell their tale, each for itself.

We must note one more fact of Nature, before we are ready to use our key to unlock some of the mysteries of spirit return. There must be harmony of movement,—vibrations at the same rate of speed in two brains before there is interchange of intelligence; perhaps this can be best illustrated by watching a telegraphic sounder. You see the operator's swift finger vibrating the electric spark. A little shorter or longer movement is his intelligence at work. A hundred or a thousand miles away sits another operator equally skilled receiving that message. But the movement of his sounder must exactly respond to the one you are watching, or there will be no interchange of thought. The brain is a sounder, too, but far more delicate than the instrument of metal and brass, for its operator is "thought." You are making long and short vibrations every time you think, and according to how you think; and every brain that is in harmony of movement catches your thought, and sends back its inspiration. And just as the telegraphic sounder is in harmony with every other sounder that can repeat its vibrations, so your brain is in harmony with every other brain that repeats its movements.

You can easily imagine the soft, sweet harmonies that tell the tale of love in vibratory movements that woo an angel to listen. But under this same law the thunderpeals and fierce blizzards of passion, hate, greed, lust, revenge, are movements awakening the echoes of hell, and bringing swift response.

We have so far for the most part, been pupils in the Temple of Science, watching the facts and listening to learned teachers. Now let us take these same facts and apply them to the world of the invisible. No scientist will accompany us now. All alone, each for himself, we must now sound the depths of immortality.

You try to lose the wife of your youth. You try to bear up bravely, but the joy has gone out of your life. The memories of yesterday only make to-day more gloomy. The professor has no word of comfort; and the preacher talks only of Jesus.

You ask, "Where is my darling now?" and they tell you they don't know. You try to turn to Spiritualism for comfort. At the very first step you are repelled, and you exclaim, "If this were true, my darling would return to me in our old home where she was so happy. She would never want me to pay a dollar to talk to her through a stranger." Just at this point the Key of Science will unlock for you the law of Nature, which neither you nor your wife can put aside or defy. She has become a spirit. That means that her present body is composed of matter vibrating outside the range of your mortal senses. It is as if your body were composed of ice, and hers were of the same material, but rarefied into ether. She no more senses your presence than you sense hers. There is the same difference between your brains. Both are moved by thought power. But your thought moves a mortal brain, whilst her thought moves a spirit brain. Every atom of her brain moves with a rapidity impossible to you, and the flash of her thought could leave no trace on your brain. With such facts before him, the sceptic in either world might well declare that Nature has put an impassable barrier between you. Fortunately we are dealing with a question of fact, and not dependent on the theory of any scientific sceptic.

It is, of course, obvious at a glance that there must be some great change before spirit and mortal can hope to interchange greetings. The first step must be for your spirit wife to lower the rate of vibrations of her spirit brain. Unless she can do that, the attempt at communion is, of course, hopeless. If she is successful, remember she cannot possibly reduce her brain movement to your level. That would be to once again become a mortal. But we will suppose she reaches a point half-way between the normal spirit level and that of the mortal. She has now done all in her power on her side of the life-line. The next step must be to raise the vibrations of your brain to a point at which her lowered movement can come into contact with yours. It is like a case of mesmerism. A mesmerist by his thought power brings the brain of his subject into harmony with his own. If your wife succeed, it will be because you are a sensitive, all ready for such development. But unless you were born with this susceptibility her

effort will be useless, and then her only resource is to find some one whose brain can be reached by her thought power. You may murmur as much as you please, but if you want to reach your wife you must find a brain she can use, even if it does cost you money every time.

But we may suppose your wife has not the power to lower the movements of her spirit brain. Such sensitiveness is as rare in spirit life as here on earth. Then she must find some spirit who can; and, of course the message of love will be second-hand on the spirit side of life. And if you are obliged to use a mortal medium, it is second-hand here too. This is Natural law, and no murmurs will change it.

Let us now suppose that your wife discovers that your brain can be used for her thought, but that she must first render you unconscious, then you become a trance medium. You go to sleep; you wake up to hear that you have given tests and messages while you were entranced. Again you complain; but all the same, such is the Law.

Another very important point comes in here. Like many another grumbler, you have complained that the quality of spirit messages is below the standard of high intelligence in earth life. How could it be otherwise? The spirit, whether your wife, or another, is in an abnormal condition. She is far below her normal spirit level, or she could not reach you. She is neither mortal nor spirit. She has lost command of much of her spirit knowledge, and often stands confused as to her earth experience. She is strangely subject to psychic influences, and easily dominated by a powerful will in mortal life. It is just the same with the mortal medium. He (or she) will be confused as to much of his own present and past when under direct control. Instead of making complaint, I am often surprised at the wisdom and good counsel that spirits bear to earth in the face of such difficulties. And I have long made it my earnest endeavor to place no other obstacles than the inevitable in the way of spirit return.

But we cannot get outside of law. And so it may be, that whilst your wife can send no whisper of her presence through your dull brain, yet there may be, perhaps in a basement across the street, a woman at a washtub and a child playing with a rag baby, through both of whose brains she can talk out many of the bright, loving thoughts by which you knew her in the past.

There is other spirit control than that of one who loves us and brings blessings to earth. There is control born of the mortal producing a tremendous effect in earth life, and subject to the same law.

When we raise or lower the rate of vibration of our own brain by our own thought, we also change the level of our spirit surroundings. We place ourselves in personal or impersonal contact with such influences as belong to the spheres into which we have thought ourselves. If we are sensitive, we are offering ourselves to spirit control in harmony with our own thoughts. By thought we invite control. It is nonsense for us to think the thought, and object to the control. If we are mediums they go together. If no thought of ours turns to liquors or gluttony, no spirit of that sphere could obsess our brain. If what we call the Devil controls us, then in the secret chamber of our own life, we have by our own thought become a member of the sphere in which that devil lives and moves and has his being. Our remedy must be to think ourselves into another sphere. If we are too feeble for that, we must at least desire it with strength enough to give a stronger will than our own power to change the vibrations of our brain.

But our thought, if it be constant and without aspiration, may hold us, unprogressive although our lives may be, pure and unselfish. Suppose kind reader, you belong to a church, and have experienced the magnetic emanation called conversion; and your thought is all of God and angels and the church and sinners perishing in hell. By the law of vibrations you draw to yourself the powerful influence of the sphere where dwell spirits who think as you do. But if you are especially sensitive the influence will become so personal that your utterances will be inspired and your thoughts have double power. You may become a Beecher, a Talmage, a Spurgeon; and all unconsciously have spirits furnishing thoughts for you to mould into shape, that

draws the crowd eager to listen to your eloquence. And they may develop your clairvoyance, and picture for you Peter, and Paul and the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. Perhaps they may give you a glimpse of the great "I Am" sitting on the throne, listening to music and answering prayer. And by just so much are you obsessed, exactly as the poor wretch who under the same law seeks companionship in groggery and brothel. For all spirit control is obsession, if it hold you to-day to the standard of yesterday, whether it be in the name of God, man or devil.

There is a tremendous lesson in this "law of vibration." We learn that we have a power inhering to our own individuality which is the power to think. The effort of the church and the bigot is to stop our using this power. "You must believe," they say, "not use your reason." That means forego our one divine privilege and descend to the animal. The conscientious church member prides himself that he thinks just as his father and grandfather, and as Peter and Paul did before him. He keeps his mind without motion, like the fakir who stands holding out his arm for years. The result to both arm and mind, is that we see a poor shrivelled specimen of humanity instead of the divine manhood that knows its own fullness.

A man's thought determines his manhood, because by thought he is in harmony with a like movement of matter throughout the universe. When our thought is stirring our brain atom into activity, the angels can listen and they will tell us they can hear us think. But, alas! that which they hear is often more in harmony with devil than angel. We must guard our thoughts if we would guard our manhood, for as we have seen they are gateways through which foe and friend can alike enter.

Should a spirit appear to us as of dazzling brightness, we must beware of him, unless he urge us to higher thoughts and increased mental activity. For true manhood is to be ever seeking more of knowledge and wisdom, with no shackles of the dead past to cripple the freedom of our soul.

SAN LEANDRO.

Retiation is like the storm which sweeps through the forest in destruction. Kindness is like the combined influence of the sun and the rain of the cloud, which germinates seed and upholds their leaves, flowers and odors.

Epicurus recommends temperance to us if it were for nothing else but the very pleasure of it. It is the glory of a man that has abundance, to live as reason, not as appetite, directs.

I find certain books vital and spermatic, not leaving the reader what he was; he shuts the book a richer man. I would never willingly read any others than such.—*Emerson.*

Sometimes when a man seems to be having the worst luck he's only getting ready to come out, like a log from a saw-mill, worth double price.—*Detroit Free Press.*

What appears to you amiable in one person is insupportable in another. Which of two feelings is it that blinds you; sympathy or antipathy?—*Carmen Sylvia.*

Men would be better if we better denied of them; the worst way to improve the world is to condemn it.—*Child's Book of Religion.*

Antisthenes, the philosopher, being demanded by a young man what was best to learn, answered, To unlearn the evils thou has learned.

Agassiz, being asked what he thought most proper for boys to learn, answered, What they ought to do when they come to be men.

When a person inspires you with antipathy you become unfaithful to your convictions, solely in order to contradict him.

Diogenes being asked, how one should be revenged of his enemy, answered, by being a virtuous and honest man.

Contemn rest, and thou shalt gain rest; contemn earth, and thou shalt gain heaven.—*Chrysostom.*

Experiences With Spiritualism.

(Rev. M. J. Savage in December Forum.)

This article is only an interrogation point. I am to ask a question; others are to answer it. I am to present a problem; others are to solve it—if they can. Such is the task assigned me by the editor of the *Forum*.

No matter what my opinion is, for the present. The reader is not expected to care. I do not mean to reveal it. I may, however, do so quite inadvertently. Perhaps I shall find it no easy thing to keep it from peeping out somewhere between the lines. For of course I have one. I am not the "intelligent juror" who has not heard of the case. And, having studied it for several years, I cannot claim to be entirely free from bias. Should I claim to be, the reader might justly question my competence to form an opinion on any subject. But I can say—and this is all the reader need care about—that I have no opinion which I am not ready to revise or to reject altogether for a sufficient reason. Neither am I like the old Scotchman who said: "I am open to conviction, but where is the man that can convince me?" I am not able to understand how any man should care to hold or defend any opinion that is not true. Since the truth is the only reality, he who seeks or cherishes anything else is only storing up disappointment for himself.

So much it seems needful for me to say. Not that I am egotistical enough to imagine that my unsupported opinion is so important as to concern any one; but because my point of view, and the spirit in which I enter on my task, may greatly concern all those who become interested in this discussion. It is important that the reader should know that I am not an interested advocate, and that I will join him in being grateful to any one who shall prove to be wise enough satisfactorily to settle the problem that is to be raised. This problem concerns both the reality and the nature of certain alleged facts that are usually associated with, or that pass under the name of, Spiritualism.

The Spiritualists make two claims that need to be noted, only in order that their real position may be understood, and that the situation may be stated as fairly as possible.

In the first place, they say that though there has been an extraordinary and widespread development of these phenomena in the modern world, they are no new thing, and so are not out of keeping with what has occurred in the past history of mankind. Intelligent and credible witnesses, they claim, have reported similar happenings in every age. And, in spite of misreports and exaggerations, they further claim that their stories are so in line with their own experiences as to make the belief entirely reasonable that there are grains of truth in the bushels of chaff. For example, concerning the story of the resurrection of Jesus, few of them would believe that the body which was crucified ever lived again. They would say that a spiritual appearance is a more rational explanation than, on the one hand, that the disciples lied, or, on the other, that the story sprang up out of nothing at all. And then they point to such well attested reports as those of the extraordinary happenings in the house of the Wesleys in England, and in that of Dr. Phelps in Connecticut.

In the second place, they resent the charge that they believe in the supernatural or the miraculous. They say that if these things occur at all, they are a part of the natural order; and that they are none the less so because the persons who are the agents and actors in them are invisible to ordinary human sight. So much in order fairly to set forth the situation. And now I must ask the reader's patience for even a little longer, while I make a few more preliminary points.

As to my reasons for looking into this subject. A minister is expected to be able to help his parishioners in their practical difficulties; and as hundreds of people have applied to me for advice in these matters, I have felt that I ought to have an opinion for them and not merely a prejudice. Then, while I have always hoped for a future life, and while I have felt the force of all the arguments so often presented, I have been compelled to confess that these arguments fell short of demonstration; and I have been willing to exchange a hope for a demonstration, provided such a thing were possible. In the third place, I have felt that Spiritualism is either a grand truth or a most lamentable delusion; and for the sake of the vast interests involved, and of the thousands who looked to it for light it has seemed to me that the problem ought to be competently investigated. I agreed with Prof. Sedgwick, of Cambridge, England, in saying that it was scandal to the scientific world that so grave and so important matter should go so long without any adequate explanation.

Then, though many had claimed to investigate, and had declared the whole matter only fraud and humbug, I had to remember some things. First, that hypnosis had been examined by a scientific commission and gravely pronounced charlatany and delusion; while to-day it is universally accepted, and is used by the regular faculty in the treatment of disease. Secondly, that clairvoyance was once only scouted; while now most competent investigators are compelled to admit that such a thing does really exist. Thirdly, that mind-reading or telepathy was at first

declared to be impossible; but that to-day it seems to be the only way of explaining certain things that do actually occur.

And then, long study had driven me to the conclusion that, in a universe the size of this, a modest scientific man will hesitate about declaring as to what is or what is not impossible. The world is perhaps a little too free with its theories as to what can happen and what cannot happen. Not long ago a workman in a New York factory came to the overseer with a strange story as to the behavior of the steam in a certain part of the works. The overseer, who had made steam his life-long study, declared that the thing was impossible; steam could not act in that way. But investigation proved that the "impossible" was taking place; and the result was a new invention, more knowledge of steam, and an increase in the modesty of the overseer. It is only the traditional court pettifogger who any longer "denies the fact." If it be a fact, then room must be made for it somewhere, however long the explanation of it may have to wait.

I have always tried, then, to see if I could find any facts. I have a horror of being fooled. I have studied sleight-of-hand, and tried to find out the limits and possibilities of trickery. I have, in all directions, wanted the truth and only the truth. I hold that the "scientific method" is the only method of knowledge, and that it can be applied successfully to anything that is real, and with which we really come in contact. I may hope a thousand things; I may believe that many things are probable; but I have never claimed to know anything that could not be demonstrated as true.

In my investigations I have ruthlessly set aside everything that has seemed to occur where the conditions were such that I could not feel sure of my facts. And when I have had the surest grip on a fact, in reasoning upon it I have rigidly tried to explain it in accordance with known laws and forces. It is only when all my knowledge of accepted theories and forces failed to help me to a solution, that I have set the fact aside until some wiser man could tell me what it meant. A study like this, extending over a period of at least a dozen years, has left me what I am to-day. I am in possession of quite a large body of apparent facts that I do not know what to do with. The generally-recognized scientific order of the world has no place for them; I therefore bring them into the open air of the *Forum* to see if any one is wise enough to tell what they mean. Have they any bearing on the nature and destiny of man? Do they require for explanation the agency of invisible intelligences? Or, can they be referred to the working of embodied minds?

That certain things to me inexplicable have occurred, I believe. The negative opinion of some one with whom no such things have occurred, will not satisfy me. Some of those who know the least about such matters will doubtless inform me that I have been deluded, and that my supposed facts are not facts at all. But so long as they do not know the care I have taken, nor the circumstances, and are ignorant of many times I have repeated the same hypothesis, this proposed explanation will hardly satisfy me. Neither will it be quite enough to tell me how a similar thing may be done under other conditions. I know all this already, but this knowledge has no bearing on my particular series of facts.

After so much preliminary—none of which, under the circumstances, seems to me uncalled for—I am ready to submit some specimens of those things that constitute my problem. They can be only specimens, for a detailed account of even half of those I have laid by would stretch to the limits of a book.

Though all that has ever been claimed as true, under the general heads of hypnosis, clairvoyance, clairaudience and telepathy, should be proved to be true beyond all question, it is of course apparent that all of them together would still fall far short of proving the spiritualist claim. For this claim is nothing less than that those we call dead are still alive, and that, at certain times and under certain conditions, they both can and do communicate with persons still in the ordinary body.

And yet, as the very first point in my problem, I wish to submit a case that I suppose falls under the head of telepathy. Out of many I choose this, for the following reasons: It is unquestionably true. Names, dates and all details are accessible. The distance across which the line of communication stretched was enormous. The fact was not expected, and could not have been anticipated. No ordinary method of communication, not even the telegraph, was possible. It is not different in kind from a thousand others; but, like a taller mountain among its fellows, it stands out with peculiar distinctness as a remarkable specimen of its kind.

A merchant ship, bound for New York, was on her homeward voyage. She was in the Indian Ocean. The captain was engaged to be married to a lady living in New England. One day, early in the afternoon, he came, pale and excited, to one of his mates and exclaimed: "Tom, Kate has just died! I have seen her die!" The mate looked at him in amazement, not knowing what to make of such talk. But the captain went on and described the whole scene—the room, her appearance, how she died, and all the circumstances. So real was it to him, and such was the effect on him of his grief, that for two or three weeks, he was carefully watched lest he should do violence to himself. It was

more than 150 days before the ship reached her harbor. During all this time no news was received from home. But when at last the ship arrived at New York, it was found that Kate did die at the time and under the circumstances seen and described by the captain off the coast of India.

This is only one case out of hundreds. What does it mean? Coincidence? Just happened so? This might be said of one case; but a hundred of such coincidences become inexplicable. Did some invisible intelligence convey the news? Did he really see her? Or did she, in that hour, reach out with such a longing that she touched him half-way round the world?

Now, though this may fall short of the spiritualist claim, does it not suggest something strange and generally unrecognized as to the nature and power of mind? If mind can, under any conditions, or however rarely, assert such a semi-independence of the body and of the ordinary methods of communication, may it not be able to go alone? I do not say or think that such a supposition is proved by a case like this; but it is not at least suggested? When the Second Adventist told Emerson that the world was coming to an end, he calmly replied: "Well, I think I can get along without it." Do not cases like the above at least start the surmise as to whether these souls of ours are not such as to be able to "get along without it?"

I pass now to such phenomena as are usually classed under the head of Spiritualism. I shall avoid the use of the word so far as possible, for the reason that it assumes an explanation; and it is an explanation of which I am still in search. I shall present specimens of three different classes of manifestations.

1. And first, I note some of such as are usually spoken of as "physical," though I have never seen any that were purely physical, for the intelligence of somebody has always been mixed with them. These physical experiments are justly regarded with more suspicion than are those of the higher order, because the opportunities for trickery are great, and they seem to be more nearly on a level with the work of the prestidigitator. But the conditions, the time, the place, and one's capacity as an observer, must be taken into account. Surely, it is possible, at least in some cases, for one to know what really happens. I will instance a few cases, and the reader must judge.

I went to the house of a woman in New York. She was not a professional. We had never seen each other before. We took seats in the parlor for a talk; I not looking for any manifestation. Raps began. I do not say whether they were really where they seemed to be or not; I know right well that the judgment is subject to illusion through the senses. But I was told a "spirit friend" was present; and soon the name, time and place of death, etc., were given me. It was the name of a friend I had once known intimately. But twenty years had passed since the old intimacy; she had lived in another State; I am certain that she and the psychic had never known or even heard of each other. She had died within a few months.

I have had several experiences that have demonstrated to me that physical objects are sometimes moved in a way that can not be accounted for by any muscular power, or by any mere physical force with the workings of which I am acquainted. I was sitting one evening at the house of a friend, a lady whom I had known for eight or ten years. Neither she nor her husband was a Spiritualist; but that which, for want of a better name, we call psychic force, was sometimes manifested in her presence. Both she and her husband were simply inquirers, as I was. At the end of the evening I rose to go. Many inexplicable things had already occurred. Then I thought I would try a simple experiment. She and I stood at opposite sides of the table at which we had been sitting. Both of us having placed the tips of our fingers lightly on the top of the table, I spoke, as if addressing some unseen force connected with the table, and said: "Now, I must go; will you not accompany me to the door?" The door was ten or fifteen feet distant, and was closed. The table started. It had no casters, and in order to make it move as it did we should have had to go behind and to push it. As a matter of fact, we led it, while it accompanied us all the way and struck against the door with considerable force. I then lifted it and carried it back into the middle of the room. My friend then stood at the end of it opposite to me while I stood at some distance away—between it and the door. I addressed it again, as though talking to an intelligent being, and said: "Will you not lift for me the other end of the table?" My friend stood with only the tips of her fingers touching the upper side of the table near the end. Immediately the end of the table next to her was lifted into the air, and the table went through a motion as if bowing to me, bending over as far as her arms could reach. In this case, I might have been suspicious of some possible trick, but for two considerations. First, I knew and trusted my friend; secondly, I could plainly see the hands, and knew that the thumbs were not under the edge of the table. Besides, I had learned before, under other conditions, that this power of moving physical objects did exist.

I add one more experiment of my own. I sat one day in a heavy stuffed arm-chair. The psychic sat beside me, and laying his hand on the back of the chair, gradually

Continued on Sixth Page.

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The site of Summerland constitutes a part of the Ortega Rancho, owned by H. L. WILLIAMS, and is located on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, five miles East of the beautiful city of Santa Barbara, which is noted for having the most equable and healthful climate in the world, being exempt from all malarial diseases.

Here Spiritualists can establish permanent homes and enjoy social and spiritual communion under the most favorable conditions for health, pleasure and development. A Railroad Station and Postoffice are now established here, and a Free Public Library will soon be completed.

Tracts of land adjoining Summerland, containing from five to ten acres each, adapted to the growth of all temperate and semi-tropical products, including bananas, oranges, lemons, figs, grapes and nuts, with strawberries and garden products all the year,—can be bought or leased at low prices, and on easy terms.

A map of Summerland and the subdivisions of the Rancho, with a pamphlet giving all particulars, will be mailed to any address.

Summerland faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing ground exists as can be found on this Coast. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque back-ground. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best. Pure spring water is distributed over the entire tract from an unfailing source, having a pressure of two hundred feet head.

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Orders for lots in Summerland will be received, entered and selected by the undersigned where parties can not be present to select for themselves, with the privilege of exchanging for others without cost (other than recording fee) if they prefer them when they visit the ground.

Reference: Commercial Bank, Santa Barbara.

Send for plat of the town, and for further information, to

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1889.

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TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

For the purpose of introducing the GOLDEN GATE to new readers (and believing that they will like it well enough to continue their subscriptions when the time expires), we will send the paper to new subscribers, for four months at the reduced price of 50 cents, postage free. Remittance can be made by postal notes or postage stamps.

J. J. OWEN, Manager.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

How swift the gliding years! Increasing, seemingly, with the momentum of time, until the landmarks of life—the birthdays and the holidays, the days of gladness and the days of woe—blend into each other, like the wayside objects to the traveler by the lightning express. And so we are speeding onward from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, and thence into the night of death, and the sleep that awakens upon a new day.

The life of man is the life of the mere animal, when prompted by no impulse to a noble end. To live and toil, to buy and sell, and struggle for earthly possessions, and all that the physical man may be cared for, and revel in the delights of earth, with no outreaching for the higher life—in unfoldment of the spiritual nature—no aspiration for the divine life, which is the perfection of existence—is to live and die as the brute dies. Such an existence is unworthy an immortal soul.

How often, with the new year, thoughtful men—men encased wholly in the affairs of earth, but who sometimes think beyond the present,—how often do such men, with the opening year, resolve better things. Bad habits are cast off, and many good resolutions recorded on the tablets of their minds, which all too often fail to take root in the spirit. A little while, and they drift back into their old ways, and not even a vestige of their good resolution is left, to indicate that they ever thought of "entering the path" that leads to the higher life.

He who would win the race must fix his eyes upon the goal, and press forward for the prize. Man is surrounded with so many temptations to a life of indolent ease—so much to encumber his spirit and weigh him down,—and then necessity steps in with her imperious demands, which can be attained often only by hard contest, in a field of fierce competition, with others struggling for the same end, that it is not surprising that so few are able to climb the upper heights of being in this life. But with this new year is it not well to "try again," and with a firmer purpose?

A few days hence and a new year will dawn upon the world. To some of our readers it will doubtless be their last year of earth life. It will bring all nearer to the Father's house than they ever were before. May it prove a year of true growth to many—a year when they shall find their own souls, and enter upon that better way of life that leads to peace and happiness. May all who read these lines seek to call angels down into their homes and hearts, and thereby draw nearer and nearer to the Infinite Good. To one and all the GOLDEN GATE sends the heartfelt greeting of "A Happy New Year."

—Dr. C. Grattan, an old physician and Spiritualist, of Stockton, has been experimenting for some weeks past with a telegraph instrument, such as is used in occult telegraphy. He assures us that intelligent messages now come readily through the instrument by his simply touching the box with one hand. He can not read the telegraph signals by sound, but he has had a telegrapher sit with him who reads them readily, demonstrating the genuineness of the fact that spirits can communicate in that way, though some Spiritualists have been inclined to doubt it.

WHERE THE TROUBLE LIES.

The question of organization is again agitating the minds of many in the ranks of spiritualistic workers.

It is no doubt greatly to their disadvantage as a power among men, the scattered and disorganized condition of the Spiritualists of this country. We are in a condition to accomplish but little or nothing, at least as compared with what we might do as an organized and united force.

But the trouble with us is, we are too self-opinionated, too uncharitable, and take too much delight in fault-finding and abuse of those who do not exactly agree with us in the side issues of our faith, to think of anything like harmonious organization for the present. We have got to be something more than believers in the basic facts of Spiritualism—something higher than mere Spiritualists—before we can assimilate to that degree that will enable us to work together.

This is the point the GOLDEN GATE has earnestly sought to impress upon the minds of its readers—the necessity of a higher unfoldment of spiritual life as a means not only to harmonious organization, but also to the greatest good of Spiritualists themselves. The necessity for such unfoldment must be apparent to every intelligent Spiritualist; for all must surely know that harmony is the only way to happiness—that only as we practice the higher teachings of our beautiful philosophy, as embodied in the Golden Rule, and in the higher spiritual nature of man, can we expect to grow into the likeness of the ideal manhood to which all should aspire.

It may be necessary to do a large amount of pulling down and clearing away of rubbish, in an individual way, before we are ready to lay the foundations of the Spiritual Temple, which must be first erected in our own natures before we shall be fully prepared for effective organization. At present it is a sort of "go as you please" race, and "every one for himself." This may be all for the best; it is certainly something new in the history of great movements. It cannot be denied that wonderful forces are at work, undermining the old faiths and creeds, and this without organization. A belief in spirit existence and communion is surely making rapid progress in the world. At the same time there is none the less urgent need for a better and higher order of spirituality among all who have been convinced of the affirmative of the question, "If a man die shall he live again?"

ELEVEN MONTHS OF SUMMERLAND.

It is now only about eleven months since the ground was broken for the first building in Summerland, our new Spiritual town by the seaside, near Santa Barbara. From that time to the present, the growth of the place has been steadily onward. Last summer, when a dozen or more buildings had been erected, a fire swept down from the mountains, and finding ready material in the rank growth of mustard covering the unoccupied grounds, destroyed two dwelling houses and a store. But this operated only to arouse to new zeal the occupants of the place. The work of improvement was not retarded in the least.

At present the place has a railroad station and a post office. A large store has been built and stocked; a public hall and library-room, also restaurant and hotel building, are well on their way towards completion. The twentieth building is under contract, with six more in sight. From the present outlook the town will show a very marked advance during the coming Spring and Summer months.

Some months ago Mr. Williams made an offer of a lot to the first child born in Summerland. On Sunday night last the claimant of the lot put in an appearance, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Van Horn. The town has had one wedding—that of the proprietor—and one death—that of Mrs. Mort. Parsons, shortly after her arrival, of dropsy. It has also sent one man (an outsider) to San Quentin, for two years for stealing a salt goat. He was arrested in San Diego and pleaded guilty. A Notary Public is also among the latter acquisitions to the place. We had the assurance from the first, from a source that has never failed us yet, that Summerland would be a success. The magnetic conditions of the earth at that point, we were assured, were peculiarly favorable for spirit work. There is indeed a wonderful power about the place. Such is the testimony of all sensitive who visit the locality. That a beautiful seaside town will be built there, settled mainly by Spiritualists of the better class, is as certain as the tides that rise and fall at its feet.

Who can estimate the advantage to the cause of true Spiritualism of such a place as Summerland. The writer gave to it that name, not only because it is a veritable Summerland, but for the spiritual significance of the name. There is no other place where Spiritualists are wont to assemble that can compare with it. The eastern resorts—Onset, Casagada, Lake Pleasant, etc., are locked up for one-half the year in snow and ice. But here is perpetual Summer. Here is Summerland.

—C. A. Rogers, the artist, has removed his residence and studio to the "Fauntleroy," 105 Stockton street, occupying the large elegant parlors recently occupied by the Press Club. Mr. Rogers is an artist of excellent merit. His portraits in oil, crayon, India ink, etc., grace the walls of many of the parlors of San Francisco's citizens, and are well deserving of a place in the homes of hundreds more. The "Fauntleroy" appears to be quite the place for artists: Mr. Larpenteur, the masterly animal painter, and Miss Ella P. Nunn, the gifted worker in crayon and oil, already had their quarters there, before Mr. Rogers' arrival.

—Our new book, "Spiritual Fragments," now in press, is being pushed forward as rapidly as the Christmas holidays will permit. We think now it will be ready for delivery by the time promised, the middle of January. Every Spiritualist in the land ought to have a copy of this book. Send in

your orders now and secure a copy for \$1, ten cents added for postage if ordered to be sent by mail. This is a \$1.50 book, and will be sold at that price after it is out. Our object in offering it at a reduced rate in advance is to enable us to raise funds to get out the book.

SMALL FRUIT FARMS.

The Trustees of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company, who are also Trustees of the Sleeper Trust, have about concluded to divide the valuable fruit lands donated by Mrs. Eunice S. Sleeper to the Cause of Spiritualism, as represented by this journal, into five and ten acre lots, and place the same on the market in that shape.

This property, which comprises 137 acres of rich valley fruit land, located at Mountain View, is placed to contain too large and valuable a body of land to find a ready buyer in one tract; hence the conclusion that it would sell to a better advantage subdivided into smaller tracts.

Some of the reasons why these lands offer advantages for desirable and profitable investment are, that they are located in the most delightful portion of the Santa Clara Valley, only thirty-eight miles south of San Francisco and six miles from the Leland Stanford Jr. University. The only railroad leading out of San Francisco (and soon will be the main trunk line of the Southern Pacific), leads by this property. Besides, it is just at the edge of a growing interior town, with a large public school, stores, factories, etc. They are really worth more money per acre than the price asked for them, for fruit growing purposes, to say nothing of their special advantage for country residences for citizens of San Francisco and for those with children to educate at the great University.

These lands have been rented for farming purposes for the present season, but they will be mapped all the same, and the blocks and streets staked out as soon as the crop is off. The price will not exceed \$250 per acre (at least not for the first half dozen or more sales), with choice of location. The title is U. S. patent, the climate is wonderfully charming. Thus for \$1250 a five acre tract can now be secured that a few years hence could not be bought for thrice the present price.

The reason why we are interested in this matter is that the sale of this property means an abiding home for the GOLDEN GATE, with a well equipped office for spiritual work. Hence, it is a part of our work, and to the best interests of Spiritualism, that we press the sale of this splendid property. Are there not some among our readers who would like to aid the Cause by securing one or more of these valuable tracts.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Our correspondent, Sister Rose L. Bushnell, returned from her Eastern trip on Christmas day, in fine health and spirits.

—Secure a copy of "Spiritual Fragments" for \$1.00—a book that every Spiritualist should have and will want, when he comes to see it. Send in your orders.

—We regret to learn that Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan is obliged to discontinue the publication of his monthly magazine for lack of time to attend to it properly.

—The manuscript of W. J. Colville's new book, "Theosophy—A Study of Man and the Universe," has been placed in the printers' hands, and work is progressing rapidly.

—Madam A. Lenzburg, one of our best and most conscientious mediums from Los Angeles, is stopping with her husband, for a short time in this city. She is on a visit for rest and recreation.

—In the quotation from Homer, in Dr. Crane's article, in last week's GOLDEN GATE, the line, "The bleeding flesh that seemed to glow," should read, "The bleeding flesh that moment ceased to glow," etc.

—Is it not a striking commentary on our daily newspapers that the authorities find it necessary to exclude them from our penal institutions? But they circulate in the homes of the people all the same, preparing more material for the criminal classes.

—No reader of the GOLDEN GATE should fail to read Mr. Chas. Dawbarn's able article in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE. It throws much needed light on some points that have been stumbling blocks hitherto to many intelligent Spiritualists.

—We are pleased to call attention to the advertisement of Dr. A. B. Dobson, Maquoketa, Iowa, in another column. The fame of this remarkable healer by spirit power, extends to all portions of our country. Many of his cures are truly marvellous.

—Judging from the splendid article from the December Forum, from the pen of Rev. J. Minot Savage, which we transfer to our columns this week, one able clergyman at least has got his eyes pretty well opened to the truth. Truly, the heaven is working.

—The Sunday evening meetings at the Temple offer a grand opportunity for investigators to learn of our facts and philosophy—the former through that wonderful medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, and the latter from the lips of that close reasoner and clear thinker, Chas. Dawbarn.

—Luther R. Marsh, of Madame Delia Delar notoriety, has demonstrated the extreme gullibility of his nature by publishing a book, entitled, "Voice of the Patriarchs," in which we are given, through a private medium, Clarissa J. Hayler, unknown to the leading Spiritualists of the country, messages from and familiar conversations with such substantial and allegorical ancients as Adam, Eve, Cain, Cain's wife, Methuselah, Noah, Abraham, Lot, Jonah, Paul, Gabriel, Jesus Christ, and a host of other Bible notables. With the same readiness he might have given us messages from Ajax, Bombastes Furioso, Sinbad the Sailor, and Jack the Giant Killer! In Heaven's name, why do not Spiritualists exercise a little common sense.

MR. COLVILLE'S WORK.

On Sunday last, December 22nd, W. J. Colville addressed large and deeply interested audiences at College Hall, 106 McAllister street. The morning lecture on "Key to Theosophy," was very instructive, and considerably amplified the teachings given in the "Answers to Questions" in our last issue.

On Christmas Day there were magnificent musical services both morning and evening. The hall was beautifully decorated.

This evening, Saturday, December 28th, a Children's Festival occurs at 8 P. M., when a fine musical and literary program will be followed by distribution of presents from a Christmas-tree, to every child present. Everybody is cordially welcome. Admission free. Voluntary selections as at all the regular exercises. To-morrow, Sunday, December 29th, there will be elaborate and exquisite music at 10:45 A. M. and 3:30 P. M. W. J. Colville's morning lecture will be on "Christian Theosophy, or the Exoteric Gospel;" the evening lecture will be "A Review of 1889, and a Prophecy for 1890." Class lessons in spiritual Science Monday and Friday at 2:30 P. M.

New Year's Day, grand concert at 8 P. M., introducing a host of eminent artists. Admission 25 cents.

On Christmas Eve, Masonic Hall, Alameda, was beautifully decorated and the exercises were very enjoyable. Excellent music was rendered by Mrs. Chandler, Miss Gough, Miss Lang, and several other talented ladies. Mr. R. H. Whitney gave two delightful cornet solos and W. H. Colville gave an appropriate Christmas address and poem. Felicitous remarks were also made by Mrs. Wells and other friends, a similar program was carried out in Oakland Synagogue lecture-room on Thursday, December 26.

Tomorrow, December 29, W. J. Colville will lecture in the Synagogue at 3 P. M. on "Christmas in Heaven."

Union Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The Union Spiritual Society of Larkin street, held a seance last Sunday evening, at 909 1/2 Market street. A good audience was in attendance. The President, Mrs. R. S. Briggs, opened the seance with a fine poem, music very fine by Mr. M. Stetson. Professor Seymour gave a lecture on the Infinite possibilities of immortality—man to become in the lapse of the flying centuries a far greater being, more omnipotent and beautiful than the God of orthodox conceptions. The Universe, the Ocean of space, the farthest star or nebula that rolls in the blue empyrean Heavens, is ours for future use and investigation. We may ride the waves of the pulsating ether, as we now steam over the foam-capped billows of the sea, we may make a home in the mazes of the Milky Way. All time, matter and space is for man's dominion, as soon as he learns how to use it. We may be born of lust, deformed, brutal and selfish, and lead a miserable life, a life of vice and crime, commit suicide to end our troubles, yet in time, we grow out of this miserable condition, and thank mother nature every day of our lives for our existence, with a glorious and wondrous immortality. Dr. Mansfield, the "spirit postmaster," spoke very finely, also Mrs. Smith from Oregon. Curses were formed and many fine tests given. Mr. Seymour clairvoyantly gave past, present and future of Mr. Ewens, the test medium and spirit artist. A young Spanish girl gave some fine tests, and thus the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism were filling the world.

Next Sunday evening at the same place, and another public seance will be given; also in the afternoon at 2:30. Admission free. All invited.

Circle of Harmony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Circle of Harmony in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, at 11 A. M., last Sunday, was opened with singing of "The Sweet by and by." The invocation by Prof. Ewens, who presided over the meeting, made us to feel that we should not content ourselves to look after tests; but try each and every one, to seek for advancement in spiritual growth. He also stated that Mrs. F. A. Logan was at present doing a noble work in healing in Southern California, and would be with us again next Sunday. After a song by Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Cook and the audience, "Think of the Home of the Future," Mrs. Briggs took the stand and gave the most interesting and valuable tests given. Prof. Seymour made an interesting speech, followed by Dr. Temple with appropriate remarks. Judge Collins then spoke and dwelt upon the protection of mediums, and materialization. The venerable Judge always speaks well, we all know it. After the usual notices were read, Dr. Temple was called upon to give tests. He is a fine seer, "clairvoyant," and describes incidents in the past, present and future of persons in the audience. Descriptions of spirits with their names were given, and were recognized. Miss Wiegand the flower medium was recognized with some of her fine work. Very pleasant hours were spent by those who attended. Prof. Ewens holds Circles every evening at 841 Market street, in Mrs. Logan's parlors, 23 and 24, and gives sittings daily. The Sunday meetings will be continued at 11 o'clock A. M.

Circle of Harmony.

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Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

At Metropolitan Temple at 2 P. M., on Sunday last, the meeting was interesting. Judge Collins made the opening remarks, Mrs. Kohn followed with a short speech and also gave tests. Dr. Schlesinger took the platform and gave some of his ideas in regard to mediumship and invited skeptics to have a sitting free; six persons availed themselves of the opportunity and afterward expressed their satisfaction at the result. A gentleman in the audience related his experience and among other things spoke of the tobacco habit broken, through the guides of Dr. Schlesinger, so that after using it for many years he has lost all desire for it, and hundreds have been freed from the habit through the Doctor's mediumistic power. Mrs. Lena Cook gave several fine tests to persons present. Mrs. Cook has not exercised her mediumship in public for quite awhile; we are glad to hear she was induced to do so on this occasion. Other speakers were Mr. Miller and Prof. Seymour. The evening lecture by Prof. Dawbarn, large audience present. Mrs. J. J. Whitney gave a very many interesting and remarkable tests. The singing afternoon and evening by Mrs. Ratter and Mrs. Cook was excellent. Next Sunday

evening's lecture by Prof. Dawbarn will be Unborn Man; repeated by request, after which Mrs. Whitney will again give some of her very wonderful tests.

S. B. WHITTAKER, Secretary.

Progressive Lyceum.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Wisdom of Love in providing an inducement for the human spirit to exert itself towards promoting the happiness of others, for entailing pleasure upon all such acts insures its willingness to yield to his gentle service, and this is the strongest reason that prompts both the adult and youth to assemble in unpropitious as well as favorable weather, at the hall, 909 1/2 Market street, where the Progressive Lyceum meets each Sunday at 10:30 A. M. On last Sunday the attendance was quite good, and although on account of the tardiness in meeting, the exercises had to be hurried, the Lyceum was sufficiently varied and interesting to afford pleasure to nearly everybody. The topic: "Good Manners," had several responses, and in order that the pupils might give more thought to the design of the flag and targets, the topic selected for next Sunday will be: "What are the flags and targets for?" Mabel Ward gave a song: "The Little Crooked Man," while recitations were furnished by Edgar Ward, "Home," and Bertie Bagnall, "The Constitution."

Mr. C. H. Gillman, one of the earnest workers, surprised the Lyceum by presenting it with a handsome case to contain the curiosities and specimens donated for the cabinet. This was received with a vote of thanks and placed in the corner of the room where it can be seen each Sunday. The conductor, Mrs. Adelle L. Ballou, announced that for the next presentation the nomination of officers will take place, which will be balloted for on the ensuing Sunday, January 5th. The announcement was also made that the annual holiday entertainment will be held at the hall, next Saturday evening, December 29th, when the pupils will be given presents; an evergreen tree will be laden with good things and a musical and literary programme be furnished while dancing will be one of the features of enjoyment, and one of the dances will be reserved for the little people. The Musical Director, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, also made an announcement in the educational interest, that those who desired to rehearse some of the music in the fine collection in use, would be given a little drilling by coming each Sunday morning at a few minutes after 10 o'clock, or just prior to opening of the session at 10:30.

The meeting of leaders and friends at the close, disposed of many propositions in the interest of the work. Among these was the election of some applicants for membership; the appropriation of a sum of money to provide next presents for nearly a hundred pupils; the arrangement of committees to look after necessary details and the providing of a short programme which promises to be a good one. As many of the pupils as could be engaged will participate in the exercises.

On Friday evening a pop-corn party will be held at the residence of Mrs. A. E. Fossette, corner Noe and Jersey streets, when all who can attend are invited to be present, both young and old, and are expected to bring an ear of pop-corn, the contents to be popped and placed in packages for the pupils.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The usual meeting was held on last Wednesday evening; and notwithstanding it being Christmas night, the Hall was comfortably filled and the audience seemed a happy and spiritual one. The meeting opened with a song by the audience, led by Mrs. Ratter. Professor Smith then took the rostrum and gave a spiritual invocation, closing with a poem entitled, "How to Pray." Mr. Slocum who has been absent two years from our meetings, made a few remarks about the spiritual condition of the Colony of Tompoblambo in Mexico, which he has visited. He said they were nearly all Spiritualists, but were not allowed to hold any meetings there. Judge Collins took the stand and gave his views of Christmas Day from a spiritual standpoint. Mrs. Scott Briggs made a few remarks, after which Professor Seymour then gave a few minutes to the subject of the origin of Christmas, and its observance in ancient times. The Professor then gave a few readings of character to persons in the audience, they being in each case very correct.

After the usual notices the audience formed in circles, and the mediums present, Dr. J. M. Temple, Professor Seymour, Mrs. Maxwell, Professor Ewens, Mrs. Jennie, and Mr. Harlow Davis and Mr. H. C. Wiegand, gave readings to the audience. The meeting closed at 10 o'clock, and will meet again next Wednesday evening. New Year's night at 8 o'clock, 111 Larkin street. The meeting last Sunday evening at St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, was well attended, although it was a very wet night. The society will have meetings every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., at the same hall. Good mediums and good music and singing at every meeting. All invited.

Letter from Minnesota.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I desire your ever welcome paper to speak of our late spiritualistic treat, Having no Society here we are not often favored by those speakers who travel dispensing the good tidings to those mentally hungry; but for the last six weeks we have indeed been made glad by the inspired lectures through the organism of Mrs. M. E. Aldrich of Philadelphia, Pa. By her eloquent logic she has commanded the respect of skeptics, convincing many of the fact of spirit return and its glorious philosophy, and giving to Spiritualists in this city and Wabasha City, east of good things spiritually. Our local churches became so fearful of her influence, that they held meetings at extra hours to hold as many of their congregation as possible from hearing and investigating the Truth; yet her lectures were crowded notwithstanding. Mrs. Aldrich's psychometric readings were very fine also, and attracted many who had never realized that a part of our individuality was communicated to all our surroundings.

We in grateful remembrance of the labors of the past few weeks, bespeak a hearty reception in California for our eminently inspired sister.

Yours, in the faith,

E. DEWOLF.

BLUE EARTH CITY, MINN., Dec. 18, 1889.

—Mr. Chas. Irving writes: "Perhaps you may like to know how the folks East speak of your paper. Here is an extract from a letter I have just received: 'I have greatly enjoyed the paper; you have sent, especially the GOLDEN GATE; it is full of grand ideas. I was very much taken with the article by Jane Merrill.' 'Mitchell. It seems each day that there is a rising of the mists, and the GOLDEN GATE may be one of the rays of sunlight that will help to dispel them.'"

Cicero and Spiritualism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Stepping into a fine car-coach a few weeks ago at Cincinnati westward bound, my eyes fell upon a library, not large, but choice, containing such books as—
"Roman life in the days of Cicero," by Professor Church of University College, London.

Before sundown, though roughly jostled by the railway coach, I had read, inwardly digested, and stored away in my soul's memory chambers many of this great Roman orator's thoughts and beautifully expressed ideas.

Roman life, thirty, fifty, and seventy years B. C., was very much like American life to-day; in some respects better, in others worse. Cicero's father governed him with a strong hand. They had schools in those days for Roman girls as well as for the boys. School masters flogged with "Virga," a "sharper of the young." Very early in his life Cicero had the benefit of a Greek teacher in his father's family by the name of Diotus, a stoic philosopher. Cicero was made to stand erect while studying, and was early taught eloquence as well as grammar and mathematics. School days began at seven years of age.

Soon after this time he was put in charge of Augustus, a famous orator. Young Cicero with a train of youthful speakers and students followed Scævola's footsteps, something as medical students follow physicians and surgeons through the wards of the hospitals.

A little later in his life Cicero studied in Athens, seeking wisdom and truth among the "Plato of Academus." Near this grove Plato had bought a garden, where he frequently received his literary friends. In this garden at a subsequent period Cicero received his toga with its stripes of purple, B. C. forty nine, when about half through his sixteenth year. A Roman son, however, in mature manhood was subject to his father's control.

Cicero must have been mediumistic and spiritually impressed, for in speaking of the Lyceum where Aristotle and Theophrastus had taught, and of the Academy once graced by Plato, Xenocrates and Plotinus, there occur these words of his: "Is it by some natural instinct, or through some strange delusion, that when we tread where famous men have trod, that we are far more touched than when we hear of the things they have done? It is thus that I am affected at this moment, when thinking of Plato, who was, we are told, the first who lectured in this place. His little garden, which lies there close at hand, seems not only to remind me of him, but actually to bring him before my eyes."

The appearance of the gods was common in that period. Oracles were frequently consulted. Cicero himself was for a time one of "The College of Augurs," and communications from spirits and gods were possibly more common than now.

As lawyer or advocate, Cicero was a grand success; and yet, Roman law forbids an advocate from receiving any pay from his client. As Quæstor, Consul, Senator or provincial Governor, the life of this distinguished Roman was chilled and checked with trials, sufferings, bitter defeats, cruel accusations and glorious victories. He was shamefully traduced by the envious; he was banished from his country; his house at Tusculum with the furniture, books, and magnificent works of art, was burned; he was charged with luxury, or madness; conspirators like blood-hounds hunted him and Terentia, his wife gave him little peace; fretting, fault-finding and reproving him in his comparative poverty. And further, she coldly criticized his political aspirations, turned her family connections against him and piteously complained that he neglected her for Consular duties and Senatorial orations. Restlessness and unhappiness was the result. Quarrel succeeded quarrel, ending in divorce. Marriage in this case was certainly a failure. Terentia lived to be very old—old enough to marry three husbands after Cicero divorced her. Her favorite daughter, Tullia, was almost married and divorced three times; and yet she died at the age of thirty.

Cicero, after his banishment for political offences, was recalled to Rome; and his house, so beautifully located upon Palatine Hill, was restored, or rebuilt for him by vote of the Senate. This great Roman statesman, like Cato, loved the Republic, loved liberty of thought and speech; and to the last he believed in the gods and the oracles! He was also naturally religious. Here is a verbatim passage showing the trend of his religious mind for us.

"If it seems the clear bidding of God that we should quit this life, let us obey gladly and thankfully. Let us consider that we are loosed from prison, and released from chains that we may find our way back to a home that is everlasting and manifestly our own. And let us look on nothing that is ordered for us, either by the everlasting gods, or by nature, our common mother, as evil. It is not by some random chance that we have been created. There is beyond all doubt some mighty Power that watches over the race of men, which does not produce a creature whose doom it is, after having exhausted all other woe, to fall into the unending woe or death. Better let us believe that we have in death a haven, and a safe refuge beyond prepared for us. And I would that we might sail thither at the appointed time with wide-spread sails; sail where we would delight to be."

Such doctrines are worthy of the oratory and philosophy that obtained in Rome's palmy days.

Spiritualism under some name is as ancient as the human race. It ever was, and ever will be, so long as there are mortals on earth, and immortals in the higher life to transmit their messages of love as best they may.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.
HAMMONTON, N. J.

Summerland Notes.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

We have been too busy of late to report passing events, notwithstanding the rains of which we have already had more than the average annual rain-fall, something outside of the recollection of the oldest men born and raised here.

Mrs. Cawker's three story building is under roof and will be ready for visitors early next week. Mr. Wales' residence is partly roofed; he will build another house for rent as soon as this is completed. Mr. Hughes has completed a nice out-house intended for chickens in the future, into which he has moved while he builds his residence, the foundation of which is completed to the lower floor. The Library building is up as far as the lower floor. Lot owners and friends have not responded to our appeals for help. We who are pioneering, feel as though they should step forward promptly with their aid to this building. We are helping their property, and none of us have given less than from \$15 to \$30 therefore.

Mr. Henry Bremme of Chicago, has arrived and has been at work on his lots. Mrs. E. Aikin of Ainsworth, Nebraska, arrived last Sunday and has already ordered a house erected.

Mrs. A. E. Smith of Texas, and Mrs. L. Priore of San Francisco, sisters, arrived Tuesday, and intend building at once and are arranging to plant out a fig orchard.

Mr. A. F. Warren of Kansas, arrived Thursday, and bought himself a tent to reside in prior to building.

Mrs. Wade of Boston also arrived Thursday; is delighted and says she has come to stay, and will build at once. Word comes from all parts of the Union of friends preparing to come.

There is good opening here for a blacksmith, a man with a couple of good teams, a furniture store, also a hardware store.

Yours Fraternally,
HENRY B. ALLEN.
SUMMERLAND, CAL., Dec. 21, 1889.

Spirit Messages.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

At our regular seance, 14th inst., this admirable message was received:

"I was known by many while in the form, and mine was the task with voice and pen on all occasions to advocate the great gospel of spirit existence and return, and very happy am I that I was led in the light of spirit instruction while here, and that I was instrumental in scattering the gems of thought and revelation to a needy world."

"How vast a field is spread out before us for labor, and how few comparatively speaking, are qualified to wield the implements of true spirit and knowledge in a way that is profitable to a waiting world."

"I found when the natural body was laid aside, that life was of a certainty a continued story, whose life here is only the first volume, whose continuation extends far, very far beyond the comprehension of any of us."

"It is a grand truth and worthy of all acceptance that the spirit of man endureth forever, as far as we can now fathom the unexplored, inexperienced future."

"Though man is subject to change of growth and development to an almost unlimited extent, so that to-day he is finite, to-morrow he may catch a gleam of truth and unfoldment that will seem to him so grand and incomprehensible that he hardly realizes that he is the same being of yesterday. Hence then it is all important that all should study the great principles, which however small or unassuming yet, have this true place, use and import in order to fill up the measure of the individual spirit, and form a chain of unbroken links of events that shall at last develop a consistent and well-balanced spiritual being, prepared as a leader in the great school of events to those who have been less fortunate than themselves, strive as we will in the present state of society."

"Alas! there are many thousands after they pass out, uncultivated, unprepared, unfitted for the important duties of the world to come."

"We are well aware that while here the things of a temporal nature attract our attention. It is right that it is so, but man being a two-fold being according to the laws of his own nature, he, to be well-balanced, must perfect himself in both spiritual and material things. To this great end we all return to take up the thread of life, where so-called death closes our mortal career. We not only return to instruct our friends and fellow travelers here, but bring back with us many thousands of earth's unfortunate children that they may begin a career under more favorable conditions on the journey of life."

"To the sojourners on the earth, then, we would say, be prepared to lend a helping hand to further the grand work."

"The age is prolific of new lights that are constantly rising before your view, and many important truths await your acceptance. The coming year will be full

of more important revelations than has for a long time attracted the world. Be prepared one and all to bear a hand to roll on the car of knowledge."

"Let your light shine and be at all times ready to profit by the experience of the past; learn well the lessons of the power and rejoice evermore that eternal life is proved beyond cavil; that man's true study is to know himself, and then he will know of what he is capable in the work of carrying on the mighty machine of the universe."

"It lives, moves and has a conscious being; wherefore we may not understand that to be a conscious human spirit is joy enough to compensate any one for the rough trials of our earthly existence."

"No more at present with good wishes to all, I will close and say good-night."

"D. C. DENSMORE."
Brother Densmore was once a friend, and my wife was in his employ as a housekeeper, has visited us here. The language seems strikingly his.

VINELAND, N. J., Dec. 16, 1889.
RILEY M. ADAMS.

Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

The First Association of Progressive Spiritualists met last Sunday to hold their usual exercises, Dr. Macsorley presiding; after the opening exercises at the afternoon meeting some Jew friends gave their experiences and remarks on different subjects, which proved very interesting. A number of mediums were present and gave tests. The evening meeting was well attended after singing by the audience, a poem was read by the President, "Fraternity," followed by invocation and song. The beautiful City of Angels was then introduced as a medium for the evening; quite a number of tests were given which were very convincing, the medium also gave a number of names, also characters, and read the mediumship of a number throughout the audience. The meeting proved very interesting and all were satisfied with the proceedings. Last Wednesday evening meeting was not so well attended, as the weather continued so wet, but yet there was a very pleasant gathering; a number of mediums present, related some of the experiences and others gave tests. Mrs. Finigan's personal experience was listened to with rapt attention for half an hour, the medium also gave a number of tests which were recognized. Next Sunday evening we hope to have Dr. Dewey to give platform tests. Doors open at 7 P. M.

Yours etc.,
MRS. DAVIS, Secretary.

AN AWFUL NARROW ESCAPE.—By a vote of 22 to 18 the Presbytery of Cincinnati concluded that "all infants dying in infancy are saved." "Bless their little hearts! how they must rejoice at this declaration. But let them pause a moment and reflect upon the solemn fact that a change of only three votes would have damned them forever." *Cincinnati (O.) Enquirer.*

I have been ere now a traveller in foreign lands. I have seen the glories of art and architecture, and mountains and rivers. I have seen the sun set on the Jungfrau, and the full moon rise over Mont Blanc; but the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign port. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it; terrible as a meteor to those who hate it, it is the symbol of the power and the glory and the honor of fifty millions of American people.—*George F. Hoar.*

The growth of faith can only be gradual.—*Carter.*

To the untrue man the whole universe is false.—*Hawthorne.*

THE MEDICAL LAW.

The old doctors have obtained a law giving them a monopoly of caring for the sick; if they had not their business would have been gone. Read the following:

DR. A. B. DOBSON, Maquoketa, Iowa.—*My Dear Friend*—I esteem it not only a pleasure, but a duty that I owe not to myself alone, but to the public, to set forth some facts respecting my mental and physical condition during the past year. In the early part of the year 1883, my nervous system became very much affected, so that I was unable to sleep. This restless and sleepless condition continued to that extent that many nights in succession I was unable to close my eyes, all of which was reducing my physical powers and also affecting the mental; in fact, the whole structure was gradually becoming weaker and weaker each day, and during November 25th, I was seeking the various patent medicines, and consulting the best medical ability that I could find in Michigan and northern Minnesota, but of no avail, and finally I was advised to cross the continent, and in October I took a trip to Puget Sound, returning home about November 1st, having received little or no benefit from my journey.

Upon returning home I again consulted an eminent physician, who informed me that nothing but temporary relief could be afforded me, and that I went on until about November 25th, when a friend, hearing of my situation, brought me one of Dr. Dobson's circulars, advising and urging me to try the magnetic healer of Maquoketa, Iowa. I finally consented, under protest, to send for a diagnosis of my case. This was November 25th, on the 27th I slept some, but from the latter date up to and including December 4th, I did not sleep, all told, twenty minutes, at which time my mind and memory had become so weakened, and with a distracted brain, I was on the verge of insanity. At the time of the arrival of the first month's medicine, December 5th, I had about fully made up my mind that my case was hopeless and my restoration doubtful in the extreme, as it had baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians in different sections of the country. I commenced your treatment on December 5th, and ere I had taken the first month's medicine I could readily perceive a marked change in my mental and physical condition, and before the second month was ended, to my surprise, and that of my friends, I regarded myself fully restored, both mentally and physically, to as good a degree of health as I have enjoyed in twenty years, and for the same I express my heartfelt thanks to Dr. Dobson, the magnetic healer, of Maquoketa, Iowa, to whom I am indebted as the restorer of my health. Very respectfully,
SAMUEL MAFRETT.

MUSKOGEE, MICH.
See advertisement in another column.

Reminiscences of an Old Spiritualist.

[CONTINUED.]

Among the physical test, and clairvoyant mediums named in a previous article, was Nellie Tipple. She was a young and very handsome woman, a good clairvoyant and test medium, and was one of the first foreign mediums who visited us. She would describe spirits and state their relationship to whom they came, but could not give names, which is a singular fact with many mediums, more especially at that early time, but the spirits were generally recognized. Many mediums could give the first name but rarely the surname. This we cannot explain; some spiritual law I presume, for spirits are governed by law in their realm, as we are in ours. But to resume, she was an uneducated person, yet she would speak in different languages, if any one present could understand it. She remained with us for several weeks, and we held seances twice a week to which I invited such persons as I thought proper. We would have as many as twelve or thirteen at a time. There was no scarcity of persons desirous to be present, as quite an interest in the subject was aroused by this time, and curiosity by some, to see if there was anything in Spiritualism. After a few seances I had many applications to see the medium alone, who did not wish to be present at a promiscuous circle. On one occasion there was a gentleman present who understood several languages. She conversed with him in every language he knew, German, French and Italian. On another occasion there was a German Jew among the number, she conversed in German and Hebrew respectively with him to his utter astonishment.

There was one influence that controlled her almost at every seance. He was what is called a low Dutchman. He told us when in this life he was a corporation fiddler, namely, a wood Sawyer. The first thing he would do, when he took control, would be to look round the company, put out his hand and ask the person addressed for a chew of tobacco. He always knew who to apply to, when a plug was handed to him, he would twist off a pretty good chunk and thrust it in his mouth, then he would commence talking in broken English, giving expression to cute, and original sayings. Questions put to him he would answer in such a naive and humorous way that he kept us all in a state of hilarity. The medium's eyes were closed, yet when he wanted to exorcise, he would spit in the cuspidor with the utmost precision, then when about to leave, he would take the tobacco out of his mouth, and clean it off of spittle.

When the medium was herself again, I would ask her, "Do you know what you have been doing? You have been chewing tobacco, and no small quantity either." She would say, "No I haven't been doing any such thing," feeling disgusted. Then I would ask her to let me smell her breath, and strange to say, I could discover no odor of tobacco whatever; her breath would be as sweet as a baby's. On one occasion he came very near leaving the medium without removing the weed, he looked actually frightened, "Oh," he said, "if I had left her with the tobacco in her mouth, she would never have let me come again."

One of the most affecting scenes took place at one of these seances. She was elegantly dressed and had a gold watch and chain on her person; she was sitting in an arm chair. While being controlled we noticed her features undergoing a most remarkable change; she seemed to suffer terribly as going through a death scene. It took three of us to hold her, and to prevent her from tearing the clothes off her back; we removed the watch instantly. After the struggle ceased, she leaned back on the chair, looking more like a corpse than a living person, her features assuming a most diabolical expression; I can use no other term to express it. After remaining in that state for a minute or two she opened her eyes, and looking around the room she said: "Where's a hell?" with emphasis, then looking at one arm she struck it with the hand of the other, then reversed and struck the other in the same way, not seemingly satisfied she bit both of her thumbs. When she uttered this exclamation, "Jesus Christ, it is me!" and commenced using not very refined language. I spoke kindly to him, and told him he ought not to use such expressions in the presence of ladies. I said him, because I was convinced it could not possibly be a woman who controlled her. He replied, "Go to—, who are you?" and commenced a perfect fusillade of vile and abusive language. In the midst of which he became frightened, which you could see from the expression of his countenance, saying, "Oh! I tell her to go away, tell her to go away." I asked him who it was? "It is her, it is her." I then asked him, who she was coming to? "To this man, to this man," pointing to a gentleman sitting behind him, then he seemed to sink away again in a death-like swoon, as he was when he first took control.

In the mean time we watched her countenance; soon we noticed every muscle of her face gradually undergoing a complete metamorphosis, and instead of the diabolical expression before stated, a most benign and beautiful one was depicted on her countenance. She then stood up and again opened her eyes, when the spirit then in possession said, in as sweet a voice as a human being could possess: "Oh! my friends, you do not know what good

Continued on Eighth Page.

PUBLICATIONS.

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By J. J. OWEN,

Late Editor, for 24 years, of the *San Jose (Cal.) Mercury*, Editor of GOLDEN GATE, and author of "Our Sunday Talks."

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Continued from Second Page.

The first time I was ever in the presence of a particular psychic, she went into a trance. She had never seen, and as far as I know, had never had any way of hearing of, my father, who had died some years previously. When I was a boy he always called me by a special name that was never used by any other member of the family. In later years he hardly ever used it. But the entranced psychic said: "An old gentleman is here;" and she described certain very marked peculiari-

At another sitting with the same psychic friend, again purported to be present the "spirit" of a lady I had known for years. Her father's family and mine had been intimate friends when we were young. If still quite conscious, she knew I was greatly interested in all that pertained to their welfare. She told me of a sister married and living in another State. She said: "Mary is in a great deal of trouble. She is passing the greatest sorrow of her life. I wish I could make her know that I care. I wish you would write to her." As we talked the matter over, she explained it to me, telling me at first vaguely, as though shrinking from speaking plainly, and then more clearly, making me understand that the husband was the cause of her sorrow. I had not seen her husband more than once, and had never dreamed

I have only selected specimens out of a large collection. I do not know who they mean, but I believe that the statements I have made are true. Some readers will doubtless sneer. Some will say "crank." Some will think the writer easily "gulled." But, if not this year, some time, a wiser person will explain them. Then, if we do not know any more about any next world, perhaps we may have an extension of our knowledge about this one. It is a great universe and a strange one. We are strange beings and as yet know but little as to our own selves. Only the shallowest think they know all.

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Life's Mystery.

BY JULIA F. CHURCHILL.

Life is a problem, deep and grand,
Which finds no light and no relief;
Though, through its law, we understand,
The Dual Soul its pulse evolved.

The Pearl of Nature holds concealed
Within her darkness some the key,
To O is Essence, unexplained,
Life's universal mystery.

By this one line a life is kin,
From this one source each soul draws breath;
As though each soul must pass within
The mystic portals known as death.

We know these portals are the bars
Let down to set the spirit free,
That it may soar among the stars,
Seeking its higher destiny.

The angel Death, with life renewed,
Proclaims him evil unripe good!
And each said "cross" when wisely viewed,
Reveals some truth not understood.

And, as these laws of truth unfold,
We clearly see that ALL IS GOOD!
That rock and plant and human mold
Are outward forms of Life in food.

And, as we feel that "God is Love,"
Our souls divine that Love is Life,
The stars in heaven are spheres in love,
Eas would they dash in endless strife.

The Love which guides the "conscious spheres,"
Reigning in harmony sublime,
Is One with that which dries all tears,
Filling man's soul with joy divine.

Life seems a strange and complex thing,
From star-eyed daisy up to man;
And strange it seems that thought can spring
From finite mind the world to span.

As thought controls the conscious world,
And ways it by the power of Truth,
So God's Omnipotent thought unfolded,
Imbues man's soul with endless youth.

Man's highest thought, by Truth inspired,
Becomes the conscious Thought of God!
And when with Love man's soul is fired
He wields the magic golden "rod."

This "rod" Life's Golden Rule will be
When Truth is fully understood,
For 'tis the ONE ALL POTENT KEY
To universal Brotherhood.

As blooms the rose beneath the sun,
Opening its petals, fold on fold,
So spirit, from the world begun,
Hath bloomed within each earth-born mold.

And, as the sun perfects the rose,
Giving it life and strength and power,
Love is the supreme light which glows,
Perfecting every human flower.

When lesser love its power hath wrought,
Crowning humanity with light,
Then shall Love's universal thought
Illumine God's world, all pure and white.

Autumn Rain.

Drip, drip, drip!

How sultry the Autumn rain!

Drip, drip, drip!

Like tears from the eyes of Pain,

Oh, not with the promise of new buds growing,

And not with the murmur of lily streams flowing,

Like hands of sap in sunshine glowing,

But declarations for early snowing.

Drip, drip, drip!

The raindrops strike my heart.

Drip, drip, drip!

They play, with wondrous art,

Such low refrains for the sweet dead roses.

And wallowing strains for the woodland posies.

Oh, times of blooming with such sad recollections!

Well, thus end our exultations and deplores!

Drip, drip, drip!

Drip, drip, drip!

Who is there like such nights?

Drip, drip, drip!

Black hangings o'er God's lights.

Drip, drip, drip!

I look in vain where the stars were shining,

I hunt for clouds which show silver lining.

And see that craps-hands looping and twining.

As if some mourner did sigh designing.

Drip, drip, drip!

Drip, drip, drip!

Down on the landscape serene!

Drip, drip, drip!

Over us mortals here!

On we plot through cloud and raining.

All the mud we must bear disdaining.

Bidding our feet move quick and willing.

Though days are rainy and dark and chilling.

Drip, drip, drip!

Drip, drip, drip!

—EMMA KOD TUTTLE, in "The Index;"

D'Outre Mort.

And so 't's over at last!
The passion and pain are past!
Death has him and holds him fast!

And now to the chamber dumb
Of his death sleep, white and numb,
Who of all earth should come

To look on him where he lies,
With her two cold stars of eyes
And sigh the old common sigh—

Who should stand by his bed
In her sadness so well-bred
With just the right pose of head,

But she, this woman he bore
Through life till his life was o'er,
Such infinite yearning for?

And now she stands by his bed
Forgetting to try and shed
One tear, as she sees him dead.

And when those about her fare
From the room with solemn air,
She follows, leaving him there.

But just as she nears the door,
There drops on the shadowed floor
A sweet, rich rose that she wore.

It drops, and she does not know
And so let it lie, and so
Goes out as the others go.

Now they that next draw near
This man in his sleep austere,
Find, shrinking away with fear,

That a rose, once bright and bland
Is crushed in his frigid hand
And they can not understand.

—EDGAR FAWCETT.

Reminiscences of An Old Spiritualist.

Continued from Fifth Page.

you have done; the spirit that controlled the medium was my son; he was a good boy until he attained the age of about eighteen years, when he fell with bad company and commenced a life of dissipation, being most constantly under the influence of liquor. In the hopes of his reclamation, he was induced to go on a whaling voyage, but instead of its having any beneficial effect upon him, he died at sea in a fit of delirium tremens. For many years I have been trying to approach him, to raise him out of his low condition; but he has always avoided me. But now," she said, raising her eyes to Heaven, "he will not avoid me any more." Again repeating, "Oh! my friends you know not what good you have done, now I can help to raise him out of his low spiritual condition." I assure you, reader, there were some tears shed on that occasion. It made us all sad for some time after.

This was the first evidence I had that we in earth life, can help those who have passed on to a higher state of existence, and is a strong evidence of the reciprocity which exist between the residents of both worlds. That we can aid those who are on a lower plane than ourselves, give them a glimpse of light to help guide and stimulate them in their onward march to the goal of peace and happiness, which we are all seeking.

Besides these evening seances, she gave private sittings during the day, and many persons went away perfectly astounded at the revelations made to them, and the positive evidence they received of the presence of their friend or relative—as the case might be—for not only did they receive communications proving the identity of the spirit communicating, but they would also be described so clearly, that there could be no mistaking.

Her visit gave a great impetus to the cause, and set people to thinking. They began to realize that there must be some truth to base the belief of Spiritualism upon. After she left I was frequently asked if I expected any other medium soon, and many persons began to recognize me, who previously passed me by on the street.

The Davenport brothers came several times to the city, but they gave their manifestations in halls, placing their cabinet on the stage. I had no conversation with them, other than attending their seances. They always created considerable excitement among all classes of people. Their cabinet was a wooden structure, about seven feet long, two feet wide and seven feet high, with three doors on hinges, one at each end, the middle door being hinged to one of the end doors. The Brothers were always tied securely with ropes before they entered the cabinet, with their hands behind their back, and a committee was always selected by the audience to do the tying, which, when done, the mediums took their seats, one at each end of the cabinet. The end doors were fastened, but as soon as the middle door was shut to, it would be instantly bolted by some intelligence possessing power not in the body, for it was quite evident neither of the brothers could do it. In a few minutes, however, they would walk out of the cabinet freed from the ropes. Then they would again enter the cabinet without being tied. When immediately the doors were closed we could hear the ropes rattling in the cabinet, and in a few minutes all the doors would be thrown open, and they would be found bound to their seats, and much more securely than was done in the first instance by the committee. The doors would be again closed, when musical instruments which were placed where it was impossible for the mediums to reach, even if their hands were free, would be played upon, several of them at a time, and naked hands and arms thrust out of an aperture about a foot square near the top of the cabinet, which was covered with a black cloth. I have seen women's bare arms to the shoulder, and half a dozen hands in view at the same time. This I have seen frequently repeated.

On one occasion I was one of the committee and was appointed to close the center door. I had it in my hand and was in the act of closing it, when I received a sharp slap at the side of my hand, which knocked my hat off. The hand came from the cabinet, that is positive, but whose hand was it? that is the question. At one of their seances about twenty yards of rope was wound round the body of one of the brothers, from the feet to the shoulders, and knotted behind at each round, then carried into the cabinet. He came out in a few minutes, leaving the ropes just as they were on his body, not a knot untied. Some of the audience would be invited to enter the cabinet, be placed on a chair between the mediums, with a hand on each, so that the slightest motion would be detected. Immediately the musical instruments in the cabinet would be played, and when the doors were opened, they would be found clustered around him. They would state that they felt hands all over their face.

Some years after a man named Fay, travelled with them. The power exhibited through him was very different to that of the Davenports. He would be tied hand and foot to the chair with his arms behind him, the position of his feet marked on the floor so that any movement would be discovered. The lights would be put out, when at a given signal a bright light would flash upon him, his coat would be seen

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leaving his back and being pitched into the pit or thrown among the audience. Then again the light would be extinguished, when in a few minutes they would be found on his back, or some other coat much smaller than his own, when requested.

Then again the lights would be extinguished, and a guitar would float over the heads of the people within a radius of twenty-five feet or so, thumping it all the time. As soon as the light was introduced, it would fall to the ground.

They continued in the field for many years, having travelled considerably in Europe, giving exhibitions of their wonderful gift, and demonstrating to the peoples of the different countries they visited, the existence of an intelligent force, which the human eye could not discover, that could not play upon musical instruments, and move ponderable substances without physical contact.

No medium in this country has been so persistently persecuted as the Davenport Brothers. They have been vilified, slandered, called frauds, assaulted, their cabinet broken up—all kinds of indignity heaped upon them, arrested and put in jail, among thieves and vagabonds, mulct out of money which they could not well spare by the minions of the law, who are ever ready to obey the behest of those who preach charity, good will, to exercise righteous judgment and the golden rule, but do not practice it, but they went on in the even tenor of their way under angel guidance, doing the work called upon them to do, patiently bearing the obloquy which was heaped upon them knowing that there was eternal truth on their side, and honesty and sincerity in their own hearts. No more simple minded, honest members of the human family can be named, who have given their bodies to be used by the angel world to demonstrate the great truth, that when we die in the physical, that we live again in the spiritual. Among all the mediums who have been before the public, I pay this tribute to their worth and their single mindedness, as one who has proved the truth of what he here stated. Verily they will have their reward as all will who faithfully perform what they consider is their duty to their fellow man, and who endeavor to leave the world better for their having lived in it.

Another medium, a young unmarried woman occasionally visited some friends she had in the city, and while with them would give seances. I do not now remember her name. The manifestations given through her were very unique. For instance, a woolen cloth or a comforter would be thrown over a kitchen or a dining table reaching the floor, a violin would be put under it and the bow placed outside so that it could be reached; the spirit would draw the bow underneath the table, when the violin would begin to talk, and some popular tune would be played, then persons would put their hand under the table when another hand would either gently touch them or take hold of theirs; very few received more than a gentle touch.

If some substance, as a walking cane, would be pressed in from the outside of the cover, it would be taken hold of inside and so firmly held, that it required great strength to take it away. Showing there must be some intelligent being possessing physical power under the table that could grasp an object and firmly hold it. It was positive there was no one in the body there, so we must come to the other conclusion, that it was the materialized form of a denizen of the other life; this was the extent of her mediumship.

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